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THE PETER PATTER BOOK



CLASSICS NEW AND OLD
FOR CHILDREN

THE REAL MOTHER GOOSE

THE PETER PATER BOOK

THE AESOP FOR CHILDREN



THE KING HAD A PLATTER OF BRISKET AND BATTER

THE PETER PATTER BOOK



By

LEROY F.
JACKSON ❀❀❀

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QJE

Library, Univ. of
North Carolina

To
ANDREW, PUDGE, AND BOBBY
My first appreciative audience

A LIST OF THE RIMES

A Copper Down a Crack
I'm Much Too Big for a Fairy
Did You Ever Play Tag with a
Tiger?

The Blue Song
Hippity Hop to Bed
Boots, Boots, Boots
Our Little Pat
The Animal Show
Tommy Trimble
Away to the River
I Went to Town on Monday
If I Were Richer
The Army of the Queen
Romulus
Where Are You Going?
Christopher Crump
Pinky, Pinky, Pang
Tick, Tock
I've Got a New Book
A Matter of Taste
Tommy, My Son
Oh, Said the Worm
Buzzy Brown
The Wind
The Hobo Band
Hootem, Tootem, Clear the Track
Doctor Drake
A Candle, a Candle
Baxter

Loddy, Gin, and Ella Zander
As I Was Going Down the Hill
A Little Boy Ran to the End of
the Sky
Twenty Little Snowflakes
Slippery Slim
The Thieves
Upon the Irish Sea
Duckle, Daisy
A Beetle on a Broomstraw
Mule Thoughts
Consolation
The Robin and the Squirrel
The King Had a Platter
Confidence
Bing, Bang, Bing
Butterfly
Beela By the Sea
Blue Flames and Red Flames
Timothy Grady
Captain Tickle and His Nickel
A Race, a Race to Moscow
The Salesman
A Prince from Pepperville
King Kokem
Old Missus Skinner
Grandmother Grundy
Needles and Pins
A Toe Rime
Harry Hooker

A LIST OF THE RIMES—Continued

A Free Show	Polly and Peter
Billy Bumpkins	Plenty
Useful Knowledge	The Runaways
Simple Sam	Babies
Oh, Mother	Twenty Thieves from Albion
Cella Ree and Tommy To	The Carrot and the Rabbit
The Hero	Hippy-Hi-Hoppy
Pensive Percy	The Freighter
Under the Willow	No One at Home
High on the Mantel	Patters and Tatters
Tipsy Tom	Hipperty, Clickerty, Clackerty, Bang
Jolly Jinks	A Man Came from Malden
Transformation	Baron Batteroff
Crown the King with Carrot Tops	Six Little Salmon
The Canada Goose	Up on the Garden Gate
The Thief Chase	'Most Any Chip
Somebody	A Moon Song
The Thunder Baby	What Makes You Laugh?
Red Lemonade and a Circus Parade	Timmy O'Toole
To Garry on the Toot-Toot	All Aboard for Bombay
Doubbledoon	Water
Polly Picklenose	Boats
When I'm as Rich as Uncle Claus	Pretty Things
Rinky-Tattle	Did You Ever?
Old Molly is Lowing	The Party
Snowflakes	Terrible Tim
Dippy-Dippy-Davy	What's the Use?
Paddy Went to Pendleton	The Rag-Man
Nigger-Nagger	Whenever I Go Out to Walk
As I Came Out of Grundy Greet	Hinky, Pinky, Pearly Earl
Doctor McSwattle	Moon, O Moon in the Empty Sky
Columbus	Sonny
Dickie, Dickie Dexter	The Stove
On the Road to Tattletown	I've Got a Yellow Puppy

A LIST OF THE RIMES—Continued

Discretion

A Beetle Once Sat on a Barberry
 Twig

Rain

Old Father McNether

Jerry Was a Joker

Jelly Jake and Butter Bill

Cut Up a Caper

Eat, Eat, Eat

Hetty Hutton

A Big, Fat Potato

A Bundle of Hay

Peter Popper

Old Father Annum

The Tippy Flower

Here Comes a Cabbage





PETER PATTER *told them to me,
All the little rimes,
Whispered them among the bushes
Half a hundred times.*

*Peter lives upon a mountain
Pretty near the sun,
Knows the bears and birds and rabbits
Nearly every one;
Has a home among the alders,
Bed of cedar bark,
Walks alone beneath the pine trees
Even when it's dark.*

*Squirrels tell him everything
That happens in the trees,
Cricket in the gander-grass
Sings of all he sees;
Rimes from bats and butterflies,
Crabs and waterfowl;
But the best of all he gets
From his Uncle Owl.*

*Sometimes when its day-time,
But mostly in the night,
They sit beneath an oak tree
And hug each other tight,
And tell their rimes and riddles
Where the catty creatures prow—
Funny little Peter Patter
And his Uncle Owl.*







— T. F. Wright —

JINGLE, JINGLE, JACK, A COPPER DOWN A CRACK

THE PETER PATTER BOOK

A COPPER DOWN A CRACK

Jingle, jingle, Jack,
A copper down a crack.
Twenty men and all their
wives,
With sticks and picks and
pocket knives,
Digging for their very lives
To get the copper back.

I'M MUCH TOO BIG FOR A FAIRY

I'm much too big for a fairy,
And much too small for a
man,
But this is true:
Whatever I do,
I do it the best I can.

DID YOU EVER PLAY TAG WITH A TIGER?

Did you ever play tag with
a tiger,
Or ever play boo with a
bear;
Did you ever put rats in
the rain-barrel
To give poor old Granny
a scare?

It's fun to play tag with a
tiger,
It's fun for the bear to say
"boo,"
But if rats are found in the
rain-barrel
Old Granny will put you in
too.



THE BLUE SONG

Hot mush and molasses all
in a blue bowl—

Eat it, it's good for you,
sonny.

'T will make you grow tall
as a telephone pole—

Eat it, it's good for you,
sonny.

Fresh fish and potatoes all
on a blue plate—

Eat it up smart now, my
sonny.

'T will make you as jolly and
fat as Aunt Kate—

Eat it up quick now, my
sonny.

Sweet milk from a nanny-
goat in a blue cup—
Drink it, it's good for you,
sonny,

'T will fill you, expand you,
and help you grow up,
And make a real man of
you, sonny.

HIPPITY HOP TO BED

O it's hippity hop to bed!
I'd rather sit up instead.
But when father says "must,"
There's nothing but just
Go hippity hop to bed.





BOOTS, BOOTS, BOOTS

Buster's got a popper gun,
A reg'lar one that shoots,
And Teddy's got an engine
With a whistler that toots.
But I've got something finer yet—
A pair of rubber boots.
Oh, it's boots, boots, boots,
A pair of rubber boots!
I could walk from here to China
In a pair of rubber boots.



OUR LITTLE PAT

Our little Pat
Was chasing the cat
And kicking the kittens
about.

When mother said "Quit!"
He ran off to sit
On the top of the woodpile
and pout;
But a sly little grin
Soon slid down his chin
And let all the sulkiness out.

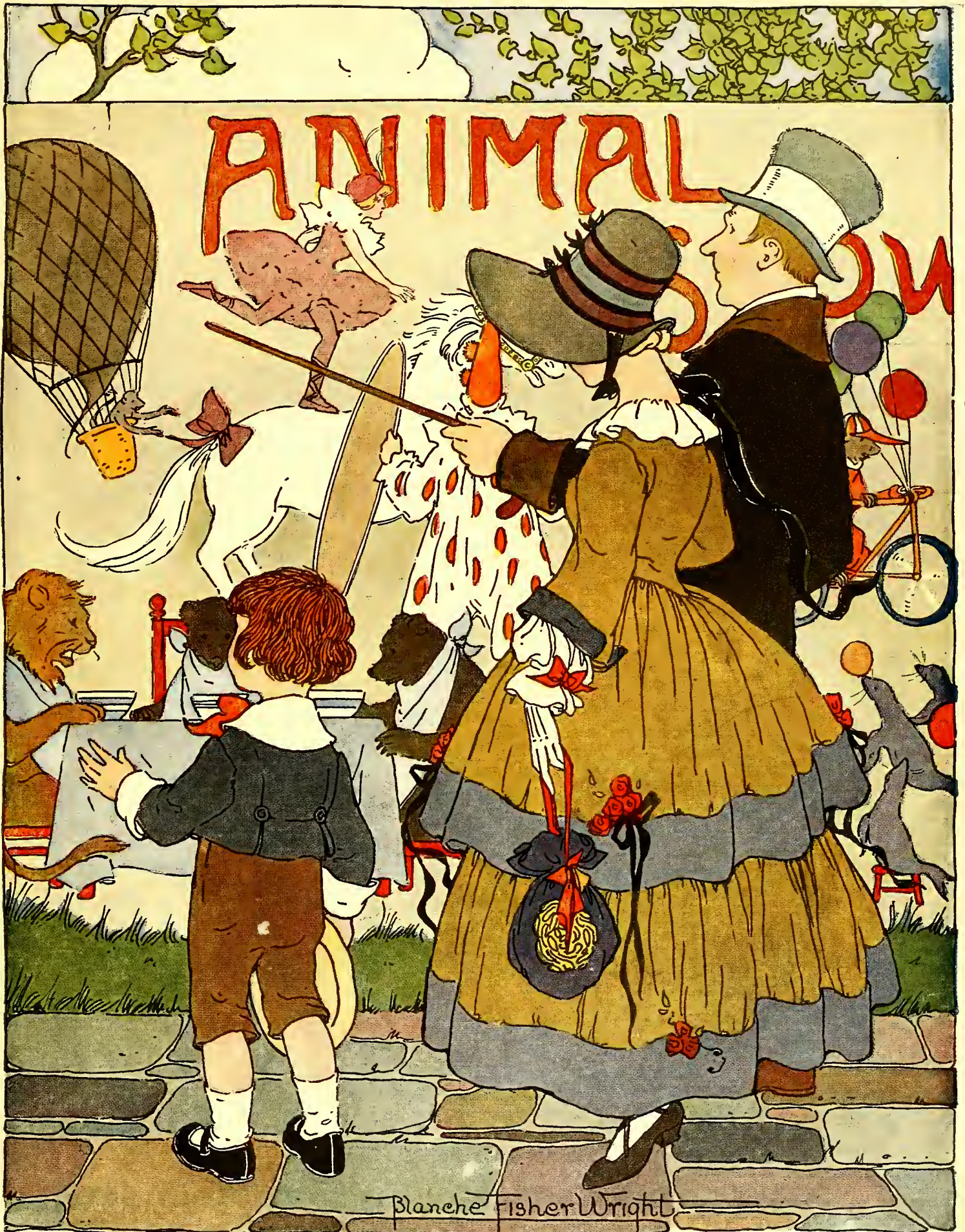
THE ANIMAL SHOW

Father and mother and
Bobbie will go
To see all the sights at the
animal show.

Where lions and bears
Sit on dining room chairs,
Where a camel is able
To stand on a table,
Where monkeys and seals
All travel on wheels,
And a Zulu baboon
Rides a baby balloon.
The sooner you're ready,
the sooner we'll go.
Aboard, all aboard, for the
Animal Show!

TOMMY TRIMBLE

Billy be nimble,
Hurry and see
Old Tommy Trimble
Climbing a tree.
He claws with his fingers
And digs with his toes.
The longer he lingers
The slower he goes.



THE ANIMAL SHOW



AWAY TO THE RIVER

Away to the river, away to the wood,
While the grasses are green and the berries are
good!
Where the locusts are scraping their fiddles and
bows,
And the bees keep a-coming wherever one goes.

Oh, it's off to the river and off to the hills,
To the land of the bloodroot and wild daffodils,
With a buttercup blossom to color my chin,
And a basket of burs to put sandberries in.

I WENT TO TOWN ON MONDAY

I went to town on Monday
To buy myself a coat,
But on the way I met a
man
Who traveled with a car-
avan,
And bought a billy-goat.

I went to town on Tuesday
And bought a fancy vest.
I kept the pretty buckle-
straps,
Buttonholes and pocketflaps,
And threw away the rest.



I went to town on Thursday
To buy a loaf of bread,
But when I got there, good-
ness sakes!

The town was full of rattle-
snakes—

The bakers all were dead.

I went to town on Saturday
To get myself a wife,
But when I saw the lady
fair

I gnashed my teeth and
pulled my hair
And scampered for my life.



IF I WERE RICHER

If I were richer
 I'd buy a pitcher
 With scenery on it.
 'Jolica ware—
 Storks here and there,
 And a funny affair
 With ladies on it.

In half a minute
 I'd mix up in it
 A wonderful drink—
 Peppermint, ice,
 Lemons and spice—
 Taste pretty nice,
 What do you think?

THE ARMY OF THE QUEEN

O the Army of the Queen,
 The Army of the Queen,
 Some are dressed in turkey-
 red
 And some are dressed in
 green;
 A colonel and a captain,
 A corporal in between,
 Their guns are filled with
 powder
 And their swords are bright
 and keen;
 So toot your little trumpet
 For the Army of the Queen.

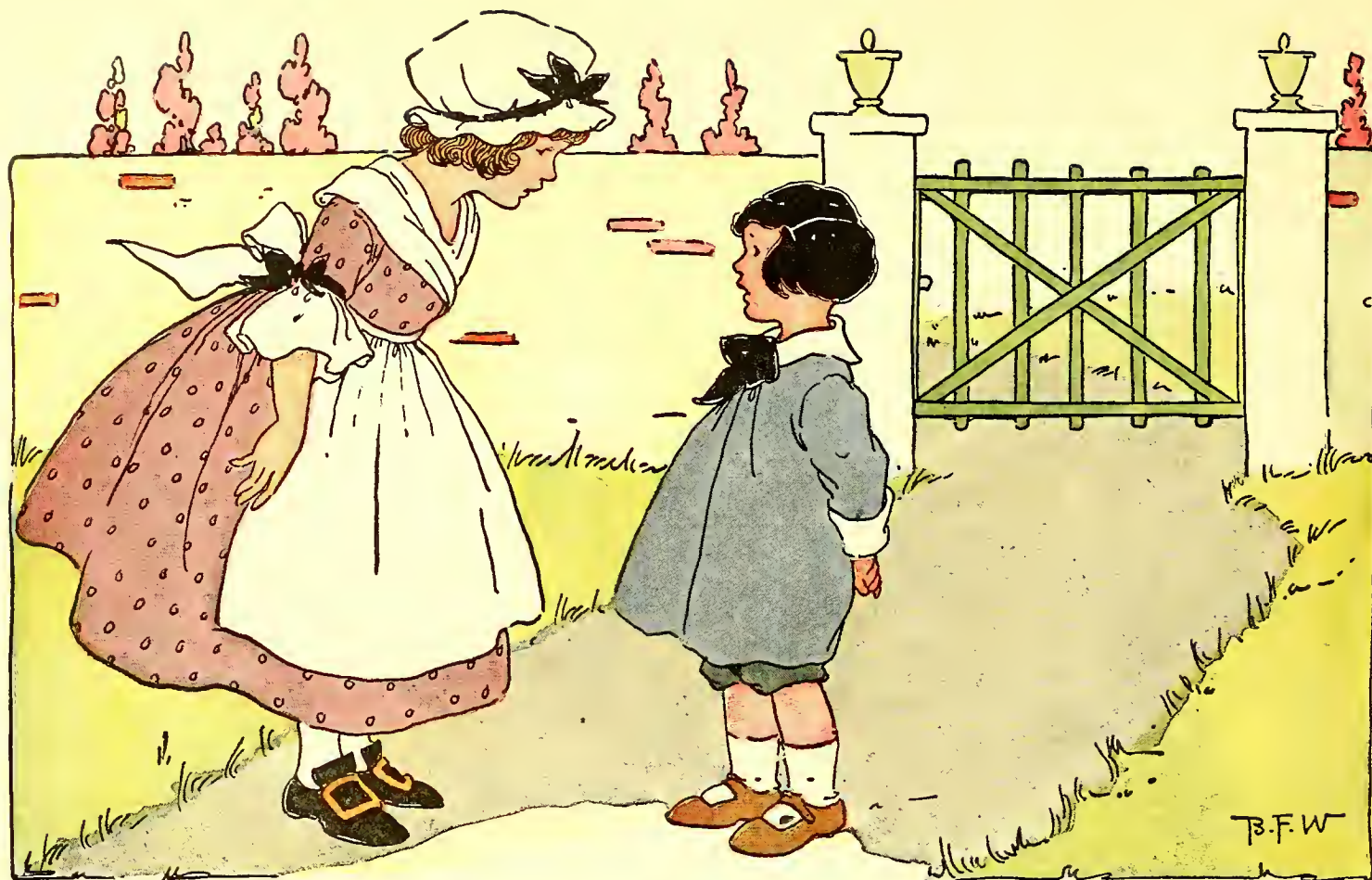
ROMULUS

Romulus, Romulus,
 Father of Rome,
 Ran off with a wolf
 And he wouldn't come
 home.

When he grew up
 He founded a city
 With an eagle, a bear,
 And a tortoise-shell kitty.



TOOT YOUR LITTLE TRUMPET FOR THE ARMY OF THE QUEEN



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Where are you going, sister
Kate?

I'm going to swing on the
garden gate,
And watch the fairy gypsies
dance

Their tim-tam-tum on the
cabbage-plants—

The great big one with the
purple nose,

And the tiny tad with the
pinky toes.

Where are you going,
brother Ben?

I'm going to build a tiger-
pen.

I'll get iron and steel and
'lectric wire

And build it a hundred feet,
or higher,

And put ten tigers in it
too,

And a big wildcat, and—
mebbe—you.

Where are you going,
mother mine?
I'm going to sit by the old
grapevine,
And watch the gliding
swallow bring
Clay for her nest from the
meadow spring—
Clay and straw and a bit of
thread
To weave it into a baby's
bed.



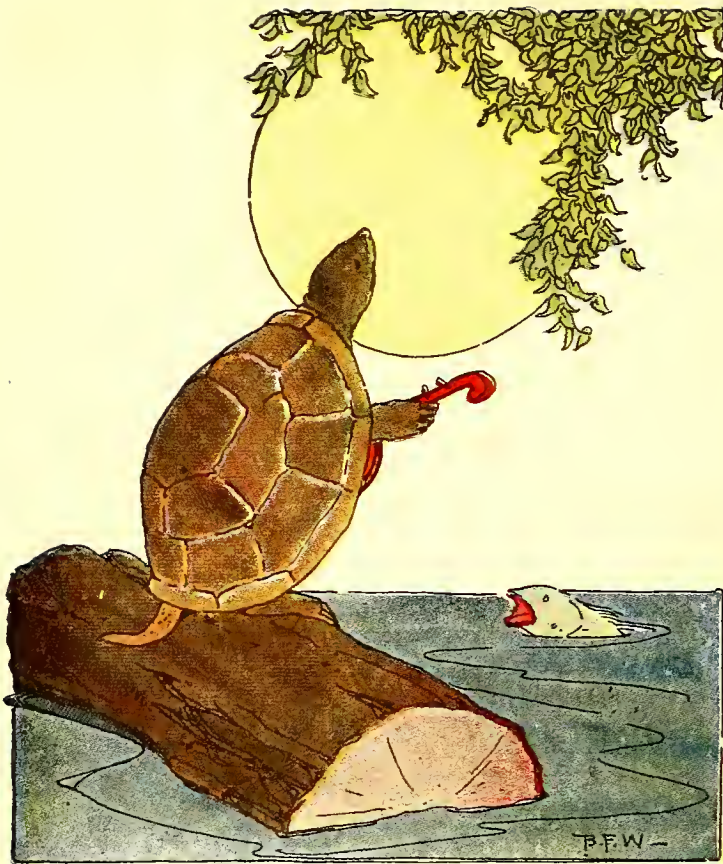
Where are you going, grand-
ma dear?
I'm going, love, where the
skies are clear,
And the light winds lift the
poppy flowers

And gather clouds for the
summer showers,
Where the old folks and the
children play
On the warm hillside through
the livelong day.

CHRISTOPHER CRUMP

Christopher Crump,
All in a lump,
Sits like a toad on the top
of a stump.
He stretches and sighs,
And blinks with his eyes,
Bats at the beetles and
fights off the flies.





TICK, TOCK

Tick, tock! Tick, tock!
 Forty 'leven by the clock.
 Tick, tock! Tick, tock!
 Put your ear to Grandpa's
 ticker,
 Like a pancake, only thicker.
 Tick, tock! Tick, tock!
 Catch a squirrel in half a
 minute,
 Grab a sack and stick him
 in it.
 Tick, tock! Tick, tock!
 Mister Bunny feeds on
 honey,
 Tea, and taters — ain't it
 funny?
 Tick, tock! Tick, tock!
 When he goes to bed at
 night,
 Shoves his slippers out of
 sight;
 That is why Old Fox, the
 sinner,
 Had to go without his
 dinner.
 Tick, tock! Tick, tock!
 So says Grandpa's clock.

PINKY, PINKY, PANG
 A tortoise sat on a slippery
 limb
 And played his pinky pang
 For a dog-fish friend that
 called on him,
 And this is what he sang:
 "Oh, the skies are blue,
 And I wait for you
 To come where the willows
 hang,
 And dance all night
 By the white moonlight
 To my pinky, pinky, pang!"



TICK, TOCK! TICK, TOCK! FORTY 'LEVEN BY THE CLOCK



I'VE GOT A NEW BOOK

I've got a new book from my Grandfather
Hyde.

It's skin on the cover and paper inside,
And reads about Arabs and horses and slaves,
And tells how the Caliph of Bagdad behaves.
I'd not take a goat and a dollar beside
For the book that I got from my Grandfather
Hyde.

A MATTER OF TASTE

"Thank you, dear," said the
big black ant,

"I'd like to go home with
you now, but I can't.

I have to hurry and milk
my cows—

The aphid herds on the
aster boughs."

And the ladybug said: "No
doubt it's fine,

This milk you get from your
curious kine,

But you know quite well it's
my belief

Your cows are best when
turned to beef."

TOMMY, MY SON

"Tommy, my son," said the
old tabby cat,

"Go catch us some mice, and
be sure that they're fat.

There's one family lives in
the carpenter's barn;

They've made them a nest
of the old lady's yarn.

But the carpenter has a
young cat of his own
That is healthy and proud
and almost full grown,
And consider it, son, an
eternal disgrace
To come home at night
with a scratch on your
face."



OH, SAID THE WORM

"Oh," said the worm,
"I'm awfully tired of sitting
in the trees;

I want to be a butterfly
And chase the bumblebees."



BUZZY BROWN

Buzzy Brown came home
from town
As crazy as a loon,
He wore a purple overcoat
And sang a Sunday tune.

Buzzy Brown came home
from town
As proud as he could be,
He found three doughnuts
and a bun
A-growing on a tree.

THE WIND

The wind came a-whooping
down Cranberry Hill
And stole an umbrella from
Mother Medill.

It picked up a paper on
Patterson's place
And carried it clean to the
Rockaby Race.

And what was more shock-
ing and awful than that,
It blew the new feather off
grandmother's hat.

THE HOBO BAND

The roads are good and the
weather's grand,
So I'm off to play in the
Hobo Band;
With a gaspipe flute and a
cowhide drum
I'm going to make the
music come.
With a toot, toot, toot, and
a dum, dum, dum,
Just hear me make the music
come!



THE WIND CAME A-WHOOPING DOWN CRANBERRY HILL



HOOTEM, TOOTEM, CLEAR THE TRACK

Hootem, tootem, clear the
track!

I caught a coon on Kamiak!
Colonel Clapp and Uncle
Rome

Have hired a hack to bring
him home.

DOCTOR DRAKE

On a hummock by the lake
Stands the home of Doctor
Drake,

Poor old doctor, how he
works!

Week by week he never
shirks—

Pulling teeth for guinea-
fowl,

Soothing puppies when they
howl,

Whittling out a hickory
peg

For a gander's broken leg,

Giving medicine away
About a hundred times a
day,

Linseed oil and elder-bark
To a croaking meadowlark,

Nasty, bitter yarrow-tea
To a tipsy bumble-bee,
A poultice made of plantain
leaves

To cure a rabbit with the
heaves.

Fever, colic, cramp, or stitch,
Kitten-croup or beaver's-
itch,

Any kind of pain or ache
Is cured by dear, old Doctor
Drake.



A CANDLE, A CANDLE

A candle, a candle
To light me to bed;
A pillow, a pillow
To tuck up my head.
The moon is as sleepy as
sleepy can be,
The stars are all pointing
their fingers at me,

And Missus Hop-Robin, way
up in her nest,
Is rocking her tired little
babies to rest.
So give me a blanket
To tuck up my toes,
And a little soft pillow
To snuggle my nose.



BAXTER

Baxter had a billy-goat
 Wall-eyed and double jointed.
 He took him to the barber
 shop
 And had his head anointed.

LODDY, GIN, AND ELLA ZANDER

Loddy, Gin, and Ella Zander
 Rode to market on a gander;
 Bought a crane for half a
 dollar;
 Loddy led him by the collar.
 Mister Crane said: "Hi there,
 master,

Can't you make your legs
 work faster?

We can't poke along this
 way."

Then he slowly flew away.
 Loddy held him fast, you
 bet,

And he hasn't come home
 yet.

AS I WAS GOING DOWN THE HILL

As I was going down the hill
 In front of Missus Knapp's
 I saw the little Knapperines
 All in their winter wraps—
 Purple mitts and mufflers
 And knitted jersey caps.

As I was coming back again
 In front of Missus Knapp's
 I saw that awful lady
 Give about a dozen slaps
 To every little Knapperine—
 I thought it was, perhaps,
 Because they gathered
 stickers
 In their knitted jersey caps.



GOING DOWN THE HILL IN FRONT OF MRS. KNAPP'S



A LITTLE BOY RAN TO THE END OF THE SKY

A little boy ran to the end of the sky
With a rag and a pole and a gooseberry pie.
He cried: "Three cheers for the Fourth of July!"
With a rag and a pole and a gooseberry pie.

He saw three little donkeys at play,
He tickled their noses to make them bray,
And he didn't come back until Christmas Day—
With a rag and a pole and a gooseberry pie.

TWENTY LITTLE SNOWFLAKES

Twenty little snowflakes
climbing up a wire.

"Now, listen," said their
mother, "don't you climb
up any higher.

The sun will surely catch
you, and scorch you with
his fire."

But the naughty little snow-
flakes didn't mind a word
she said,

Each tried to clamber faster
than his fellow just
ahead;

They thought that they'd be
back in time enough to
go to bed.

But they found out that their
mother wasn't quite the
dunce they thought her,
The sun bobbed up—remem-
ber this, my little son and
daughter—

And turned those twenty
snowflakes into twenty
drops of water.



SLIPPERY SLIM

Slippery Slim, a garter snake,
Leaned against a garden
rake

And smiled a sentimental
smile

At Tilly Toad, on the gravel
pile,

Till that bashful miss was
forced to hop

And hide her face in a
carrot-top.



THE THIEVES

Tibbitts and Bibbitts and
Solomon Sly

Ran off one day with a
cucumber pie.

Tibbitts was tossed by a
Kensington cow,

Bibbitts was hanged on a
brambleweed bough,

And poor little Solomon—
what do you think?

Was drowned one dark
night in a bottle of ink.

UPON THE IRISH SEA

Some one told Maria Ann,
Maria Ann told me,
That kittens ride in coffee
cans

Upon the Irish Sea.

From quiet caves to rolling
waves,

How jolly it must be
To travel in a coffee can
Upon the Irish Sea!

But when it snows and when
it blows,

How would you like to be
A kitten in a coffee can
Upon the Irish Sea?

DUCKLE, DAISY

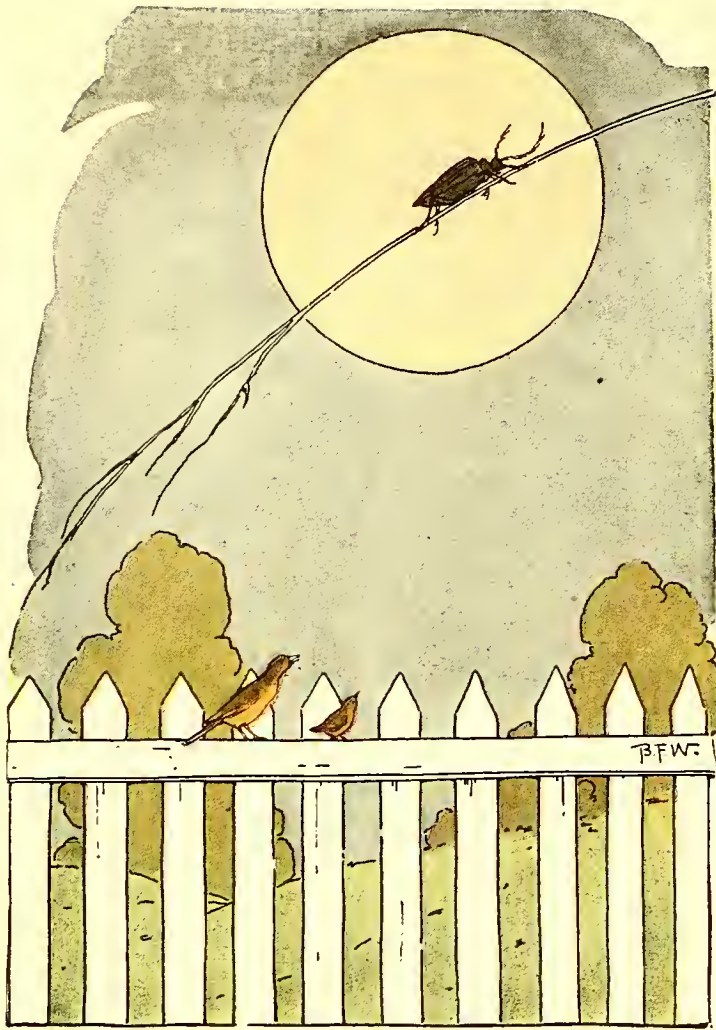
Duckle, duckle, daisy,
Martha must be crazy,
She went and made a Christ-
mas cake

Of olive oil and gluten-flake,
And set it in the sink to
bake,

Duckle, duckle, daisy.



DUCKLE, DUCKLE, DAISY



A BEETLE ON A BROOMSTRAW

A robin and a wren, as they
walked along one night,
Saw a big brown beetle on
a broomstraw.

Said the robin to the wren:
“What a pretty, pretty
sight—

That big brown beetle on a
broomstraw!”

So they got their plates and
knives,
Their children and their
wives,
And gobbled up the beetle
on the broomstraw.

MULE THOUGHTS

A silly little mule
Sat on a milking stool
And tried to write a letter to
his father.

But he could n't find the ink,
So he said: “I rather think
This writing letters home is
too much bother.”



CONSOLATION

A dime and a dollar
Took me by the collar
And whispered this word in
in my ear:

“We must leave you to-mor-
row,
But prithee don't sorrow,
We'll come back to see you
next year.”

THE ROBIN AND THE SQUIRREL

Said the Robin to the Squir-
rel,

“How d' you do?”

Said the Squirrel to the
Robin,

“How are you?”

“Oh, I've got some cherry
pies,

And a half a dozen flies,
And a kettle full of beetles
on to stew.

Said the Squirrel to the
Robin,

“How d' you do?”



Said the Robin to the
Squirrel,

“How are you?”

“I've a nest that's nice and
neat,

And a wife that can't be
beat,

And I'm every bit as happy
now as you.

THE KING HAD A PLATTER

The King had a platter
Of brisket and batter,
The Prince had a Belling-
ton bun,

The Queen had a rose
To put to her nose
As soon as the dinner was
done.



CONFIDENCE

CONFIDENCE

There's a corner, way down
by the river,
Shut in by a big cedar log,
Where there's all kinds of
creepers and crawlers,
Some whoppers—as big as
a frog.

If you can keep quiet about
it,
And not tell either Pinkey
or Dan,
I'm not saying but mebbe
I'll give you
Four or five to take home
in a can.

BING, BANG, BING

A little boy bought him a
great big gun—
Bing, Bang, Bing!
He shot three humming
birds on the run,
And an elephant on the
wing.

He drove all the snakes
from the county roads,

And the beetles from the
trees;
He killed all the bats and
the warty toads,
And everything else like
these.

So here's to the boy with
the great big gun!
Sing, my laddies, sing!
Who shot three humming
birds on the run,
And an elephant on the
wing.





BEELA BY THE SEA

Catch a floater, catch an
eel,
Catch a lazy whale,
Catch an oyster by the heel
And put him in a pail.

There's lots of work for
Uncle Ike,
Fatty Ford and me
All day long and half the
night
At Beela by the sea.

BUTTERFLY

Butterfly, butterfly,
Sit on my chin,
Your wings are like tinsel,
So yellow and thin.

Butterfly, butterfly,
Give me a kiss;
If you give me a dozen
There's nothing amiss.

Butterfly, butterfly,
Off to the flowers,—
Wee, soulless sprite
Of the long summer hours.



BLUE FLAMES AND RED FLAMES

Blue flames and red flames
In a world all dark;
Blue flames and red flames,
And a tiny spark
Hurrying to heaven, lest it
should be late;
Lest the cautious seraphim
close the shining gate,
And leave the little wanderer
forevermore to fly
Like an orphan angel
through the endless sky.

TIMOTHY GRADY

Poor little Timothy Grady
Screwed up his face at a
lady,
And, jiminy jack!
It wouldn't come back.
The louder he hollered
The tighter it grew,
His eyes are all red
And his lips are all blue.
Oh, mercy me, what in the
world will he do?
Poor little Timothy Grady!

CAPTAIN TICKLE AND HIS NICKEL

Captain Tickle had a nickel
In a paper sack,
He threw it in the river
And he couldn't get it
back.
Captain Tickle spent his
nickel
For a rubber ball,
And when he cut it open
There was nothing there
at all.





HI! HI! WHO WILL BUY A WEE LITTLE CLOUD

A RACE, A RACE TO MOSCOW

A race, a race to Moscow,
Before the close of day!

A race, a race to Moscow,
A long, long way!

First comes a butterfly a-
riding on a frog,

Next comes a water rat
a-floating on a log;

A caterpillar on the fence,
a hopper in the hay—

Who'll get to Moscow be-
fore the close of day?

THE SALESMAN

Hi! Hi! Who will buy
A wee little cloud for the
pretty blue sky?

Some are purple, some are
red,

And all are soft as a feather
bed.

Hi! Little children, won't
any one buy

One little cloud for the
pretty blue sky?



A PRINCE FROM PEPPERVILLE

A prince came down from
Pepperville

In satin and in lace,
He wore a bonnet on his
head

And whiskers on his face.

And when he came to
Battleburg

This is what befell:
He gave the king and cabi-
net

A half a peanut shell.



KING KOKEM

King Kokem lay snoozing upon his brass bed—
Oh, play an old tune on your fiddle!
With shoes on his feet, and a crown on his head—
Oh, tune up your rusty old fiddle!
He dreamed of a land where the lions were tame,
Where they fried their lamb-chops on a griddle,
Where they called all the parrots and monkeys by name—
Oh, play us a tune on your fiddle!

He dreamed of a sea filled
with raspberry pop,
With a cocoanut isle in the
middle,
Where the stones and the
boulders had icing on
top—
Go strike up a tune on your
fiddle!

He dreamed of a sky where
the moonbeams all danced
While a comet was telling
a riddle,
Where the stars and the
planets and sun-dogs all
pranced
While the moon played his
fiddle de diddle.



OLD MISSUS SKINNER

Old Missus Skinner
Had dumplings for dinner
And sat on a very high
stool;
When she cut thru the hide
There was nothing inside,
Which I'm sure was not
often the rule.



GRANDMOTHER GRUNDY

O Grandmother Grundy,
Now what would you say
If the katydids carried
Your glasses away—

Carried them off
To the top of the sky
And used them to watch
The eclipses go by?

NEEDLES AND PINS
Needles and pins, hooks and
eyes!

I saw a doughnut in the
skies.

Flipperjinks the circus clown
Climbed a tree and got it
down.

A TOE RIME

Tassle is a captain,
Tinsel is a mayor,
Tony is a baker-boy
With 'lasses in his hair,
Topsy is a sailor,
With anchors on his chest,
And Tiny is the baby boy
Who bosses all the rest.

HARRY HOOKER

Harry Hooker had a book
And couldn't find a teacher.
But still he managed very
well,
He climbed a box and rang
a bell
And turned into a preacher.



NEEDLES AND PINS, HOOKS AND EYES!



A FREE SHOW

Mister McCune
Can whistle a tune,

Old Uncle Strong
Can sing us a song,

Benjamin Biddle
Can play on the fiddle,

Captain O'Trigg
Can dance us a jig,

And I, if I'm able,
Will tell you a fable.

BILLY BUMPKINS

Heigho, Billy Bumpkins,
How d' you grow your
pumpkins?

"At six o'clock I sows 'em,
At ten o'clock I hoes 'em,
An' jes before I goes to
bed

I puts 'em in the pump-
kin shed."

Tell us, Billy Bumpkins,
How d' you sell your pump-
kins?

"I lends 'em to the ladies,
I gives 'em to the babies,
An' trades a hundred for
a kiss

To any pretty little miss."





USEFUL KNOWLEDGE

Candy is sticky,
Sugar is sweet;
When cattle are killed
They are turned into meat.

Finches are yellow,
Ravens are black;
Puppies run off
And never come back.

Father is fat,
Mother is lean,
And Missus Maloney
Is half way between.

Heathen are naughty,
Christians are nice;
Chinamen live
On millet and mice.
Baptists are right
And Methodists wrong,
So it goes on
To the end of my song.

SIMPLE SAM

Said Simple Sam: "Does
Christmas come
In April or December,
In winter, spring, or harvest
time,
I really can't remember."



OH, MOTHER.

Oh, Mother, Oh, Mother,
Come quickly and see,
The house and the farm-
yard
Have gone on a spree.

The pig's in the pantry,
The chickens are out,
The parrot is perched
On the tea kettle spout.

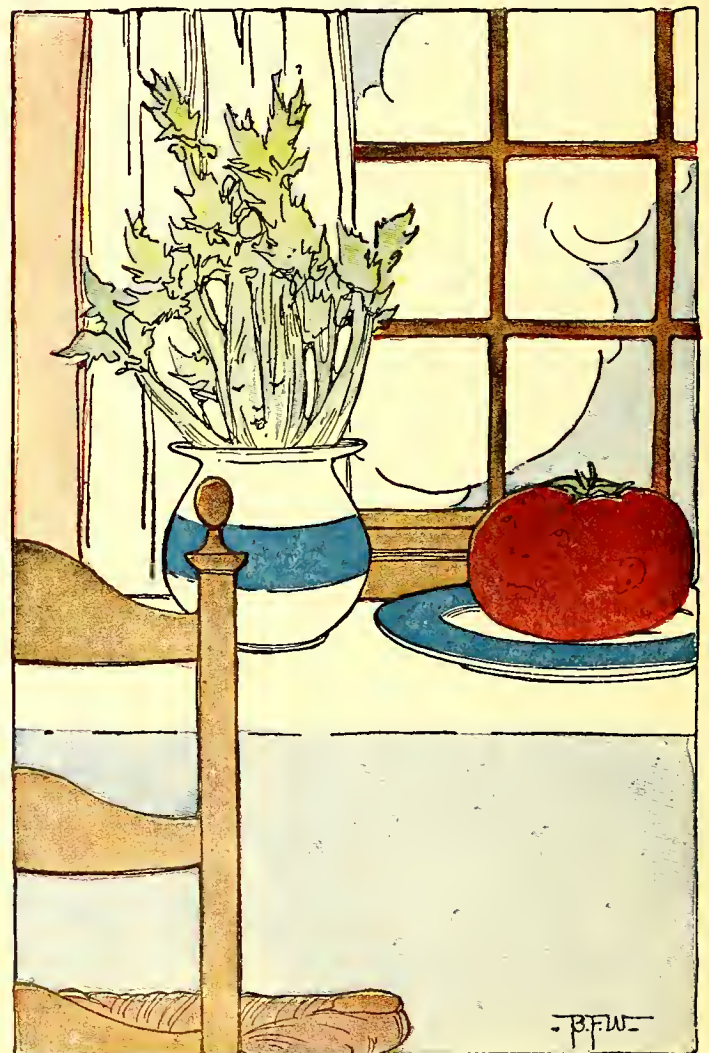
And mercy, Oh, mercy,
Oh, what shall I do?
A rat has run off
With my very best shoe.

CELLA REE AND TOMMY TO

Two funny friends that you
all know
Are Cella Ree and Tommy
To.
About as queer as friends
can be,
Are Tommy To and Cella
Ree.
For hours they sit there
grim and stable

Side by side upon the
table.

Tom is red and Cella pale,
His blushes are of no avail;
She sits, in spite of his
endeavor,
As firm and undisturbed as
ever,
A funny pair, you must
agree,
This Tommy To and Cella
Ree.





OH MOTHER, OH MOTHER, COME QUICKLY AND SEE



THE HERO

My dad was a soldier and
fought in the wars,
My grandfather fought on
the sea,
And the tales of their daring
and valor of course
Put the sand and the ginger
in me.

I'm not scared of tigers or
any wild beast,
I could fight with a lion all
right,
I wouldn't be 'fraid of a
bear in the least—
Excepting, perhaps, in the
night.

But sister, she's skeery as
skeery can be,
She's even afraid of the
bark of a tree.

PENSIVE PERCY

Percy when a little boy
Was quiet as a mouse,
He never set the barn afire
Nor battered down the
house.

He used to sit for hours and
hours
Just gazing at the moon,
And feeding little fishes
Sarsaparilla from a spoon.





UNDER THE WILLOW

Put down your pillow under
the willow,
Hang up your hat in the
sun,
And lie down to snooze as
long as you choose,
For the plowing and sowing
are done.

Pick up your pillow from
under the willow,
And clamber out into the
sun.
Get a fork and a rake for
goodness' sake,
For the harvest time has
begun.

HIGH ON THE MANTEL

High on the mantel rose a
moan—
It came from an idol carved
in bone—
“Oh, it’s so lonesome here
alone,
With no one near to love
me!”

A cautious smile came over
the face
Of a pensive maid on a
Grecian vase
“Are you sure,” she said,
with charming grace,
“There’s no one near to
love you?”





TRANSFORMATION



TIPSY TOM

Tipsy Tom, the naughty
fellow,
Dressed his wife in pink
and yellow,
Set her in an apple tree,
And said: "Now catch a
bumblebee."

JOLLY JINKS

Jolly Jinks, the sailor man,
Went to sea in an oyster
can.
But he found the water
wet,
Fishes got into his net,

So he pulled his boat to
shore
And vowed he'd sail the
seas no more.

TRANSFORMATION

Auntie Ellen found her poo-
dle—
Mercy! Goodness sake!—
Playing with the mully-
wumps
Down along the lake.

And when she called him
tenderly
He didn't want to come;
It took her over half an hour
To get the rascal home.

She washed him well with
shaving-soap,
Pumice stone and lye,
She showered him and she
scoured him
And she hung him up to dry.
And now he sits there quite
serene,
The sweetest poodle ever
seen.



T.F.W.

CROWN THE KING WITH CARROT TOPS

Crown the king with carrot
tops,
Dress him in sateen,
Give him lots of licorice
drops,
With suckers in between.
For he's a king with lots
of power
And awful, awful fierce,

He kills a pirate every hour
And washes in his tears.

He rides a charger ten feet
high,
A dashing, dappled gray;
Has ginger pop and lemon
pie
For breakfast every day.

So get a royal canopy,
The finest ever seen,
And whiskers for his majesty,
And tresses for the queen.

THE CANADA GOOSE

A Canada goose
On the South Palouse
Is singing her summer song.
Her words are wise,
And she greets the skies
With a voice like a steamer
gong:
"If you harbor your wealth
And keep your health,
You'll always be rich and
strong."



THE THIEF CHASE

Bricks and bones!
Sticks and stones!
I chased a thief through
twenty zones.

I found his hat
On Ararat,
And hurried on as quick as
scat.

In a day or two
I found his shoe
Where he had sailed for
Timbuktu.

I met the goat
That ate his coat
Upon the road to Terre
Haute.

At last all worn
And quite forlorn
I chased him up the Mat-
terhorn.

SOMEBODY

Somebody give me a pea-
nut,
Somebody give me a pear;
I want to go down to the
circus
And feed all the animals
there.





THE THUNDER BABY

Have you heard of the Thunder Baby
Way up in the big blue sky?
You've seen his cradle,
maybe,
And maybe you've heard
him cry.

Most of the time he's sleeping,
Rolled up in a big white
cloud,
But when he's awake and
hungry
He bellows awfully loud.

And when he's crying, some-
times
You can hear his teardrops
fall
With a patter, patter, patter,
Against the garden wall
But when he's madder'n
mischievous,
He rolls, and growls, and
spits,
And kicks the clouds all
forty ways,
And gives the weather fits.
Then tears come down in
bucketfuls,
And children dance for joy,
Till the sun comes out and
soundly spansks
Her Thunder Baby Boy.





RED LEMONADE AND A CIRCUS PARADE

Red Lemonade
And a circus parade!
Toop-tittle, toop-tittle, tum-tum-tum!
An African horse,
And a camel, of course,
Toop-tittle, toop-tittle, tum-tum-tum!
It's hippity hopper and hippity ho,
We're off for a day at the elephant show,
With a toop-tittle, toop-tittle, tum-tum-tum!

DOUBBLEDOWN

Bobbin rode a rocking-horse
'Way down to Doubbledoon,
He told his little sister
He'd be back that afternoon.
But maybe after all she
did n't

Understand him right,
For he was n't back again
Till the middle of the night.



TO GARRY ON THE TOOT-TOOT

Oh, I want to go to Garry
On the toot-toot, toot-toot,
You and I together
On the toot-toot, toot-toot.
Go run and ask your mother
For some kind of cake or
other,
And a bit of cotton wadding
For your ball-suit.
Get your bobber and a bat,
And be back as quick' as
scat,
For we've got to go to
Garry
On the toot-toot.

And what did little Bobbin
see

'Way down at Doubbledoon?
He saw a crazy Arab
Throwing bubbles at the
moon,
A monkey making faces
And a rabbit in a rage,
A parrot shouting "Murder!"
From the ceiling of his cage.

At last a yellow jumping-
jack,
A camel, and a coon,
Chased poor little Bobbin
All the way from Double-
doon.



BOBBIN RODE A ROCKING-HORSE TO DOUBBLEDOWN



Walked right in—you bet
a nickell!

In his hand a great green
pickle;

Stalked along with steady
pace,

Stuck it right in Polly's
face,

Pinned it fast, and there it
grows—

Poor Polly Picklenose!

POLLY PICKLENOSE

“Polly, Polly, goodness
gracious!

You just quit your making
faces.”

Polly laughed at what they
said,

Cocked her nose and went
to bed.

But the big black Bugoo
heard,

And he came without a
word;





WHEN I'M AS RICH AS UNCLE CLAUS

When I'm as rich as Uncle
Claus,

With whiskers on my chin,
I'm going to have a great
big house

To put my people in.

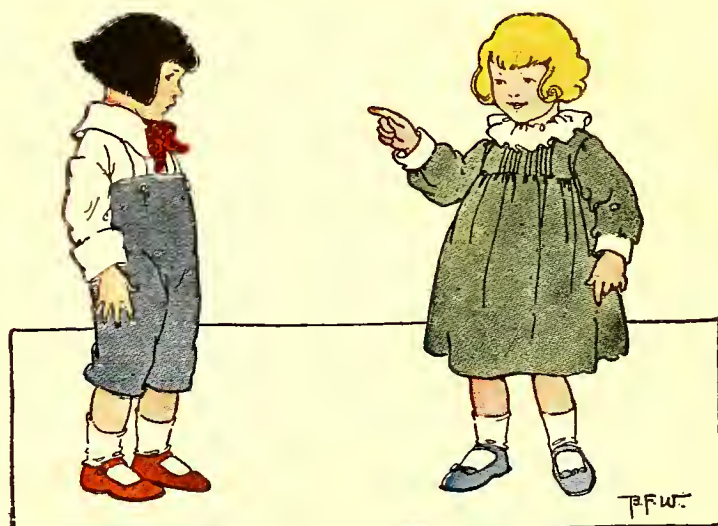
I'll never let them wander
out

Or ride with me to town;
They'll come a-running
when I shout
And tremble when I frown.
I'll have some men in sol-
dier tents,
A pirate and his mate,
And wildcats all around the
fence,
And mad dogs on the gate.

RINKY-TATTLE

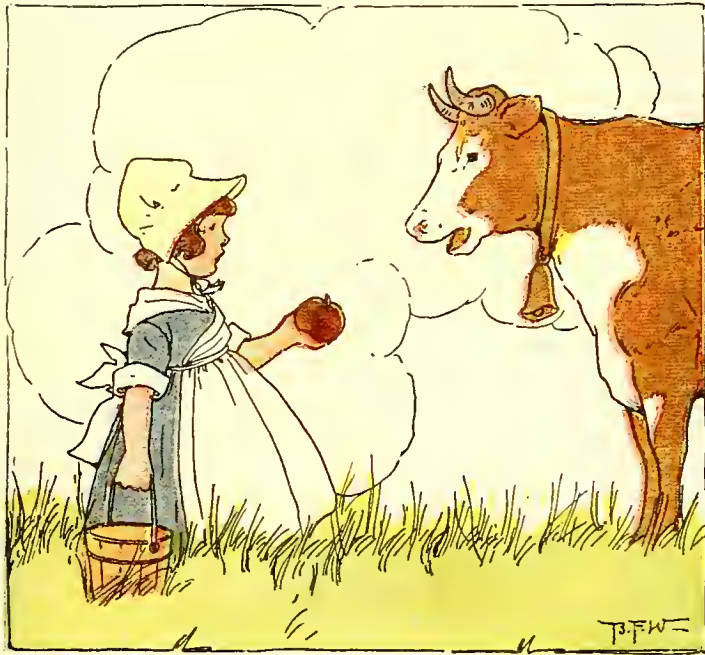
Rinky-tattle, rinky-tattle,
Rinky-tattle—who?

Little Tommy Taylor
Is a rinky-tattle too.



OLD MOLLY IS LOWING

Old Molly is lowing and
lowing
'Way down in the old
meadow lot.
I've given her water and
clover,
And all of the apples I've
got;



But she won't eat a thing
that I give her,
And never drinks even a
sup,
For they've taken her baby
to market
And some one has eaten it
up.

I'd just like to go to the
city
And cut them all up into
halves
And feed them to sharks
and to lions—
Those people that eat little
calves.

SNOWFLAKES

The snowflakes are falling
by ones and by twos;
There's snow on my jacket,
and snow on my shoes;
There's snow on the bushes,
and snow on the trees—
It's snowing on everything
now, if you please.

DIPPY-DIPPY-DAVY

Dippy-Dippy-Davy,
Half the Royal Navy
In the dampness and the
dark
Was driving off a savage
shark
To Dippy-Dippy-Davy.



THE SNOWFLAKES ARE FALLING BY ONES AND BY TWOS



PADDY WENT TO PENDLETON

Paddy went to Pendleton
With money in his pocket
And bought the pretty ladies
each
A shining silver locket.

Paddy went to Bunnyville
On Sunday afternoon
And fed the little bunnies
Bread and gravy with a
spoon.

But Paddy is a hero now,
A mighty hero too,
He saved poor Sally's kitten
From a pot of gummy glue.

NIGGER-NAGGER

Nigger-nagger, rag-a-tagger,
Going to the mill;
Nigger-nagger, rag-a-tagger,
Trotting down the hill,
A gunny-sack of Russian
wheat,
A bushel-bag of rye,
Nigger nagger, lazy-bones,
We'll get there by and by.





One was dapper, slight, and
frail,
With bells and tassels on
his tail,
And one had starey yellow
eyes
Almost as big as pumpkin
pies.

These four came marching
down the street
As I came out of Grundy
Greet.

AS I CAME OUT OF GRUNDY GREET

As I came out of Grundy
Greet

Four cats were marching
down the street

One was long and gray and
thin

With lots of whiskers on
his chin,

And one was round and
sleek and fat

(He must have been a
butcher's cat).





DOCTOR McSWATTLE FILLED UP A BOTTLE

DOCTOR McSWATTLE

Doctor McSwattle
Filled up a bottle
With vinegar, varnish, and
rum.

And offered a swallow
To all who would follow
The call of his trumpet and
drum.

It's good, I am told,
For a cough or a cold;
It's good for a pain in your
thumb.



COLUMBUS

Columbus sailed over the
ocean blue
To find the United States.
In three small ships he
carried his crew,
And none of the three were
mates.

He found a land in the
western seas,
And Indians galore,
With jabbering parrots in
the trees,
And sharks along the shore.

He filled his pockets with
sparkling stones
And took to the mighty
main,
With a couple of slaves,
some nuts and cones
For the glorious king of
Spain.

Now this is the tale Colum-
bus told,
And most of the tale is true,
How he crossed the seas, a
sailor bold,
In fourteen-ninety-two.



DICKIE, DICKIE DEXTER

Dickie, Dickie Dexter
Had a wife and vexed her.
She put him in a rabbit
cage
And fed him peppermint
and sage—
Dickie, Dickie Dexter.

ON THE ROAD TO TATTLETOWN

On the road to Tattletown
What is this I see?
A pig upon a pedestal,
A cabbage up a tree,
A rabbit cutting capers
With a twenty dollar bill—
Now if I don't get to Tattle-
town
Then no one ever will.

POLLY AND PETER

Polly had some china cows
And Peter had a gun.
She turned the bossies out
to browse,
And Peterkin, for fun,
Just peppered them with
butter beans
And blew them all to smith-
ereens.

.
Now what will pretty Polly
do
For milk and cream and
butter too?



PLENTY

There are plenty feathers
on a hen
And prickers on a rose,
There is plenty roaring in a
den
Of lions, goodness knows;
There are plenty fishes in
the lake
And islands in the sea;
There are plenty raisins in
this cake
For even you and me.

THE RUNAWAYS

A pipe and a spoon and a
tenpenny nail
Stole a tin dishpan and
went for a sail.
But the cook he grew curi-
ous,
Fussy, and furious;
Gathered his trappings, and
went on their trail.
He found them that night
in a pitiful plight,
And sent them all home on
the ten o'clock mail.





BABIES

Come to the land where
the babies grow,
Like flowers in the green,
green grass.

Tiny babes that swing and
crow
Whenever the warm winds
pass,

And laugh at their own
bright eyes aglow
In a fairy looking-glass.

Come to the sea where the
babies sail
In ships of shining pearl,
Borne to the west by a
golden gale
Of sun-beams all awhirl;

And perhaps a baby brother
will sail
To you, my little girl.

TWENTY THIEVES FROM ALBION

Twenty thieves from Albion,
All with butcher knives,
Coming on the dead run,
Fighting for their lives.

See the man from our
town.

In a fancy vest,
Knocking all the big ones
down,
Chasing all the rest.



THE CARROT AND THE RABBIT

A carrot in a garden
And a rabbit in the wood.
Said the rabbit, "Beg your
pardon,
But you're surely meant for
food;
Though you've started in
to harden,
You may still be very good."

HIPPY-HI-HOPPY

Hippy-Hi-Hoppy, the big fat
toad,
Greeted his friends at a turn
of the road.

Said he to the snail:
"Here's a ring for your tail
If you'll go into town for
my afternoon mail."

Said he to the rat:
"I have talked with the cat;
And she'll nab you so quick
you won't know where
you're at."

Said he to the lizard:
"I'm really no wizard,
But I'll show you a trick that
will tickle your gizzard."

Said he to the lark:
"When it gets fairly dark
We'll chase the mosquitoes
in Peek-a-Boo Park."

Said he to the owl:
"If it were not for your
scowl
I'd like you as well as most
any wild fowl."

Said he to the wren:
"You're tiny, but then
I'll marry you quick, if you'll
only say when."





THROUGH FOG AND RAIN I RUN MY TRAIN

THE FREIGHTER

Through fog and rain
I run my train
Wherever the track is laid,
And over the road
I carry a load
Whenever the freight is
paid.

A kaddy of tea
For Genessee,
For Troy an empty crate,
A man in brown
For Uniontown
To help them celebrate.

NO ONE AT HOME

No one at home in the hen-
house,
And no one at home in the
barn,
Old Brindle has gone to the
neighbor's
To borrow a skein of brown
yarn,
To borrow yarn for the
darning
Of socks for her wee spotted
calf—

The little rollicking rascal
Has never enough by half.
And Speckle is down by the
willow
Washing her chicks in the
lake,
While old Daddy Cockle is
lying
Abed with a bad toothache.

PATTERS AND TATTERS

Patters had a gallant band,
An army made of clay.
But Tatters took the gar-
den hose
And washed them all
away.





HIPPERTY, CLICKERTY, CLACKERTY, BANG

Hipperty, clickerty, clackerty, bang,
Get in a corner as fast as you can!
The sideboard is tipsy, the table is mad,
The chairs have lost all the sense that they had.
So hipperty, clickerty, clackerty, bang,
Get in a corner as fast as you can!

A MAN CAME FROM MALDEN

A man came from Malden
to buy a blue goose.
And what became of the
gander?
He went and got tipsy on
blackberry juice,
And that was the end of
the gander.

BARON BATTEROFF

The mighty baron, Batteroff,
Raised a whale in a water-
ing trough.
When the whale grew large
and fat
He ate the baron's brindle
cat.
But pussy, once inside the
whale,
Began to tickle with her tail.
This the monster could not
stand,
And spewed her out upon
dry land.
That night, when all was
fine as silk

And she had supped her
bread and milk,
She grinned and told old
Batteroff
How she got the whale to
cough.

SIX LITTLE SALMON

I sing a funny song from
away out west,
Of six little salmon with
their hats on;
How they all left home—
but I forget the rest—
The six little salmon with
their hats on.





I'LL TREAT THE CLOWN

UP ON THE GARDEN GATE

Set me up on the garden
gate

And put on my Sunday tie;
I want to be there
With a round-eyed stare
When the circus band goes
by.

Give me a bag of sucker-
ettes

And give me a piece of
gum,

Then I'll get down
And treat the clown,
And give the monkey some.

'MOST ANY CHIP

'Most any chip
Will do for a ship,
If only the cargo be
Golden sand
From the beautiful land
Of far-off Arcady.
For faith will waft
The tiny craft
O'er Fancy's shining sea.



A MOON SONG

Who hung his hat on the
moon?

The owl in his bubble bal-
loon.

One bright summer night
He sailed out of sight,
And, hooting like Lucifer,
hung in delight
His three-cornered hat on
the moon.

WHAT MAKES YOU LAUGH?

"What makes you laugh, my
little lass,
From morning until noon?"
"I saw a dappled donkey
Throwing kisses at the
moon."

"What makes you cry, my
little lass,
And get your eyes so red?"
"I saw a cruel gardener cut
A poor old cabbage head."



"What makes you run, my
little lass?
You're almost out of breath."
"A pumpkin made a face
at me,
And scared me half to
death."

TIMMY O'TOOLE

When Timmy O'Toole
Was going to school
He picked up a package of
gum.
He treated the preacher
And Sunday-school teacher,
And gave a policeman some.

ALL ABOARD FOR BOMBAY

All aboard for Bombay,
All aboard for Rome!
Leave your little sisters
And your loving aunts at
home.

Bring a bit of bailing wire,
A pocketful of nails,
And half a dozen wiener-
wursts
For every man that sails.
Tell Terry Tagg, when you
go by,
Be sure to bring his dog.
All aboard for Bombay
On a floating cedar log!



WATER

There's water in the rain
barrel;
And water in the well,
There's lots of water in the
pond
Where Hannah Hawkins
fell.

There's water in the ocean,
And water in the skies,
And when a fellow blubbers
He gets water in his eyes.
But in the Barca desert
Where the hippodoodles
play,
The water in the rivers
Just dries up and blows
away.



BOATS

Hitch up your cattle
And drive to Seattle
To see all the boats come
in,—

From Kibi and Kobi
And Panama Dobi
And some from the Islands
of Myn.

They're bringing us rices
And cocoa and spices
And pineapples done up in
tin,

And maybe Aunt Dinah
Will come back from China
If ever the boats get in.

PRETTY THINGS

Pretty poppies,
Pretty trees,
Pretty little lettuce-leaves,
Pretty pebbles,
Red and brown,
Pretty floating thistle-down.
Pretty baby,
Curly head,
Standing in a pansy-bed,
Pretty clouds
All white and curled—
O the great, big pretty
world!

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever go to the
watering trough
And watch the sparrows
drink?

Did you ever go to Potter's
pond

And see the divers sink?

Did you ever steal to the
barn at night

And watch the hoot-owls
think?



PRETTY THINGS



THE PARTY

Billy Bluebird had a party
In an elder tree,
But the little black-eyed
smarty
Did n't ask us to his party
Neither you nor me.

This is what they had for
dinner,
For I peeked to see:
Apple seeds and beetle fin-
ner,
And for drink the little sin-
ner
Gave them tansy tea.

But there came an awful
clatter
From that elder tree,
When he served them on a
platter
Hopper-hash and brick-dust
batter
Trimmed with celery!

All the folks were hale and
hearty,
Happy as could be;
And that little black-eyed
smarty
Left out of his funny party
Only you and me.





TERRIBLE TIM

Haven't you heard of Ter-
rible Tim!

Well, don't you get in the
way of him.

He eats lions for breakfast
And leopards for lunch,
And gobbles them down
With one terrible crunch.

He could mix a whole city
All up in a mess,

He could drink up a sea
Or an ocean, I guess.

You'd better be watching
for Terrible Tim,

And run when you first get
your peepers on him.

WHAT'S THE USE?

"What's the use,"

Said the goose,

"To swim like a frog,

When you go just as far

If you float on a log?"

"Why should I,"

Said the fly,

"Suck an old apple-core,

When there's sugar and fruit

In the grocery store?"

"It's but right,"

Said the kite,

"That I follow the wind.

What's a fellow to do

If he hasn't a mind?"

"You'll allow,"

Said the cow,

"That I'm really no thief,

When I turn all the clover

I steal, into beef."

"Come again,"

Said the hen,

"On some other fine day.

Don't think 'cause I cackle

I always must lay."



RAG-MAN, RAG-MAN, TAGGY, TAGGY, RAG-MAN

THE RAG-MAN

"Rag-man, rag-man,
Taggy, taggy, rag-man,
Tell us what you've got
there in your sack."

"Oh—it's full of rimes and
riddles,
Jingles, jokes, and hi-de-
diddles—
This bundle that I carry
on my back."

"O tell us, funny rag-man,
Grinny, skinny rag-man,
Where did you pick up
your funny rimes?"

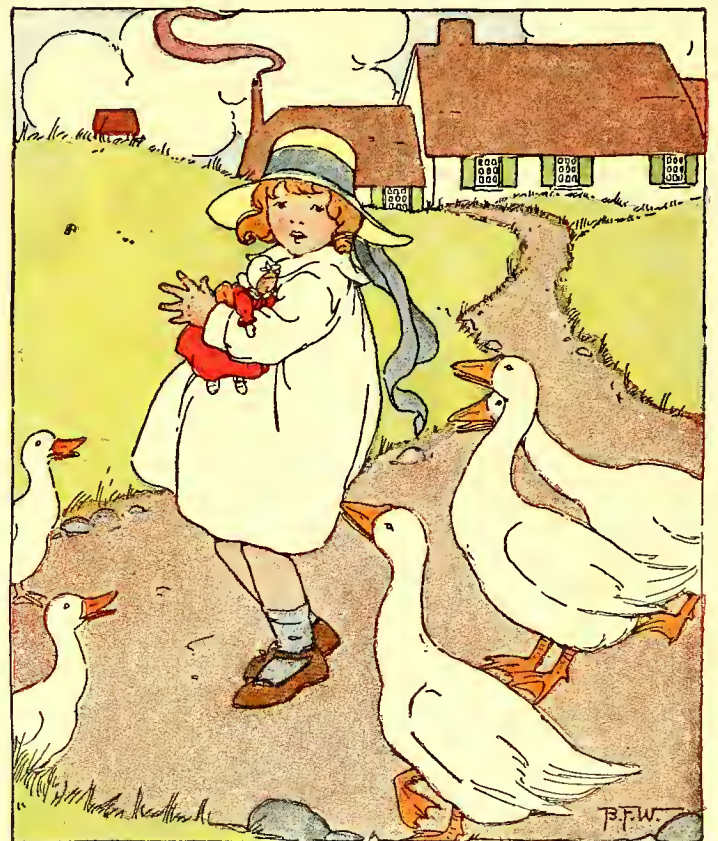
"Some were dancing with
corn-flowers,
Some were hiding in
church-towers,
And sprinkled helter-
skelter by the chimes."

"Rag-man, rag-man,
Nice old taggy rag-man,
Sing us just one jingle,
tingle song."

"Why, my dears, I've got
a plenty,
Sing you one? I'll sing
you twenty—
I've been hoping you
would ask me all
along."

WHENEVER I GO OUT TO WALK

Whenever I go out to walk,
All the geese begin to gawk;
And when I start to wander
back,
All the ducks begin to quack.





HINKY, PINKY, PEARLY EARL

Hinky, pinky, pearly earl,
Twenty nobles and a churl;
Some are fat and some are lean,
One in red and one in green—
Prior, priest, and pearly earl,
Twenty nobles and a churl.



MOON, O MOON IN THE EMPTY SKY

Moon, O Moon in the empty sky,
Why do you swing so low?
Pretty moon with the silver ring
And the long bright beams where the fairies cling,
Where do you always go?

I go to the land of the Siamese,
Ceylon and the Great Plateau,
Over the seas where Sinbad sailed,
Where Moses crossed and Pharaoh failed,—
There's where I always go.



SONNY

A sailor gave his sonny
Nearly half a pint of money
And sent him out to buy a
ton of coal;
But he met a poor old miser
Who told him it were wiser
To bury all his money in a
hole.

A sailor gave his sonny
Nearly half a pint of money
And told him he should buy
a suit of clothes;
But he saw a pretty maiden

With all kinds of posies
laden,
And he gave her all his
money for a rose.

Then the sailor gave his
sonny
Nearly half a pint of money
To buy a little garden and
a house;
But he found him the next
day,
In a shop on Yesler Way,
A-buying cheese and crack-
ers for a mouse.

THE STOVE

A stove is a thing that gets
awfully hot,
And fries up your meat, or
whatever you've got.
It's made out of iron and
hinges and screws,
And filled up with shakers,
and dampers, and flues.
It's not very long and it's
not very wide;
It's got black'ning on top
and ashes inside.



HE GAVE HER ALL HIS MONEY FOR A ROSE



I'VE GOT A YELLOW PUPPY

I've got a yellow puppy,
And I've got a speckled
hen,
I've got a lot of little
Spotted piggies in a pen.
I've got a gun that used to
shoot,
Another one that squirts,

I've got some horehound
candy
And a pair of woolen shirts.
I've got a little rubber ball
They use for playing golf,
And mamma thinks that's
maybe why
I've got the whooping-cough.

DISCRETION

A man with a nickel,
A sword, and a sickle,
A pipe, and a paper of pins
Set out for the Niger
To capture a tiger—
And that's how my story
begins.

When he saw the wide ocean,
He soon took a notion
'T would be nicer to stay
with his friends.

So he traded his hat
For a tortoise-shell cat—
And that's how the chronicle
ends.



A BEETLE ONCE SAT ON A BARBERRY TWIG

A beetle once sat on a bar-
berry twig,
And turned at the crank of
a thingum-a-jig.
Needles for hornets, nippers
for ants,
For the bumblebee baby a
new pair of pants,
For the grizzled old gopher
a hat and a wig,
The beetle ground out of
his thingum-a-jig.



RAIN

The lightning split the sky
in two
And set the clouds to
leaking
Just as dear old Pastor
Brown
Began his Sunday speaking.
He told about the awful rain
That fell in Noah's day,
And one by one the happy
smiles
Began to fade away.

In half an hour the people
all
Put on their rubber coats,
And when he finished every-
one
Was out and building boats.

OLD FATHER McNETHER

Old Father McNether
He sorts out the weather
And takes what he pleases,
I'm told,
With a big turkey-feather
He mixes the weather,
And makes it blow hot and
blow cold.

JERRY WAS A JOKER

Jerry was a joker.
He carried off the poker
And dressed it up from head
to heel
In clover-tops and orange-
peel
And fed it bones and barley
meal.
Poor old Rusty Poker!



OLD FATHER McNETHER



JELLY JAKE AND BUTTER BILL

Jelly Jake and Butter Bill
 One dark night when all
 was still
 Pattered down the long, dark
 stair,
 And no one saw the guilty
 pair;
 Pushed aside the pantry-
 door
 And there found everything
 galore,—
 Honey, raisins, orange-peel,

Cold chicken aplenty for a
 meal,
 Gingerbread enough to fill
 Two such boys as Jake and
 Bill.
 Well, they ate and ate and
 ate,
 Gobbled at an awful rate
 Till I'm sure they soon
 weighed more
 Than double what they did
 before.
 And then, it's awful, still it's
 true,





The floor gave way and
they went thru.
Filled so full they couldn't
fight.
Slowly they sank out of
sight.
Father, Mother, Cousin Ann,
Cook and nurse and furnace
man
Fished in forty-dozen ways
After them, for twenty days;
But not a soul has chanced
to get

A glimpse or glimmer of
them yet.
And I'm afraid we never
will—
Poor Jelly Jake and Butter
Bill.

CUT UP A CAPER

Cut up a caper,
You've got a paper
And I've got a widget of
string.
You be the army
And let nothing harm me
For I am the captain and
king.





Blanche Fisher Wright

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A TREAT

EAT, EAT, EAT

Here come the sweet pota-
toes
And here's the Sunday
meat,
I guess we must be ready
now
To eat, eat, eat.

I'm going to have the nicey
plate
And Daddy's leather seat,
And wear my patent-leather
shoes
To eat, eat, eat.

My Daddy's talking all
about
The war, and some old
fleet,
I wonder if he never, never,
Never wants to eat.

We're going to have some
apple-cake,
We're going to have a
treat.
O hurry, hurry, Daddy,
Let us eat, eat, eat.



HETTY HUTTON

Hetty Hutton,
Here's a button,
Sew it on your dress.
Willie Waller,
Here's a dollar,
Maybe more or less.
Mister Shuster,
Here's a rooster,
Put him in a pen.
Mister Saxon,
Get an ax an'
Let him out again.



A BIG, FAT POTATO

A big, fat potato lay down on a clod
In the shade of some burdock and tall goldenrod,
And he dreamed he were king of the whole garden plot,
With a palace and throne, and a crown with a lot
Of jewels and diamonds and gold till it shone
Like the front of a show when the lights are turned on.



He had to be minded by
 all of the plants;
 When he whistled the rad-
 ishes knew they must
 dance;
 When he tooted his horn
 the cucumbers must sing
 To a vegetable crowd gath-
 ered round in a ring.
 He made all the cabbages
 stand in a row
 While a sunflower instructed
 them just how to grow;
 The bright yellow pumpkins
 he painted light blue;
 Took the clothes off the
 scare-crow and made him
 buy new.

He strutted and sputtered and
 thought it was grand
 To be king and commander
 o'er all the wide land.
 But at last he woke up with
 an awful surprise
 And found a blind mole
 kicking sand in his eyes.

A BUNDLE OF HAY

A bundle of hay
 From Baffin's Bay,
 A johnny-cake from Rome,
 A man and a mule
 From Ultima Thule
 To carry the cargo home.





PETER, POPPER

Peter, popper, dopper, Dan,
Catch a moonbeam if you
can;

Climb a cedar ten feet high
And pick the planets from
the sky.

You're a wonder, little man—
Peter, popper, dopper, Dan.

OLD FATHER ANNUM

Old Father Annum on
New Year's Day

Picked up his bag of
months and years,
Thrust in his hand in a
careless way,

And pulled a wee fellow
out by the ears.

"There you are," said he to
the waiting crowd,

"He's as good as any I
have in my pack.

I never can tell, but I hope
to be proud

Of the little rascal when I
come back."

THE TIPPANY FLOWER

O what will you take for a
tippany flower,

And what will you take for
a pansy?

I'll take a smile for the
tippany flower,

And a kiss for the pretty
pansy.



OLD FATHER ANNUM



HERE COMES A CABBAGE

Here comes a cabbage with a bonnet on its head,
A pretty purple bonnet with a bow of blue and red;
And here comes a bottle with a collar 'round its neck,
A handsome linen collar, too, without a spot or speck;
Next comes a meat-saw, his job is biting beef,
And according to the cleaver he has gold in all his teeth;
And last of all there comes along, amid the ringing cheers,
A princely Indian corn-stalk with rings in both his ears.

